Tahiti : Isle of Dreams

I would not say one word to trouble him, but----------
Oh, but!—1909 ! The other day ! Is it possible ?

It is, and since in another fourteen years all will have ended, let me write the epitaph. I want to see it written, and I know that I can do it kindly. For that is all that there is left to do, Robert Louis Stevenson saw, fifty and not fourteen years ago, that he was only just in time in these islands, and wrote the tragic story of doom in " In the South Seas/[1] A last chapter might be added to that. account of a passing people, and if I can suggest its outline I shall be glad. It is an indictment of to-day of which there will be no trace to-morrow, and before to-morrow comes it should be done.

The coral reef, then, still smokes in Pacific surges no whit less white, and the land is there, though not as sweet with its imported weeds £nd its absence of birds. Papara is but a

few miles south from Paul Gauguin's Punaauia. The river's mouth is there and Nari lives beside it as he did in London's day. He will come to meet you from the corrugated iron porch still blotched with ancient paint, and you will not at first notice- the